

Entry Name: The Blood Bedouin





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Captain Telvus stood at the center of the command deck aboard the *C acophonous Fury*. Surrounded by menials performing various task, blank faces slightly illuminated by the dim screens. Beyond the viewing ports, the yellowish brown planet, Danaar, hung in the darkness. Telvan had only just learned the name of the planet and of the nomadic humans that called it home. Once vastly populated, the world and its people fell victim to depraved Eldar factions who mercilessly tormented this sector.

A millennia ago, if local tales were to be believed, a small Blood Angel battle company had learned of the plight of the humans on Danaar and had attempted to intercede against the marauding xenos.

After landing their initial reconnaissance party, the orbiting Blood Angel battle barge was attacked and decimated. Given the scale of the attack, It was doubtful that the attack had been carried out by the Eldar. Following the attack, the listless hulk of the battle barge drifted until it was caught by the planet's gravity well and it crashed into the planet, causing more devastation to a world already on the brink of collapse.

In the local histories of Danaar, this series of events was referred to as 'Angel's Rain'. It may simply have been the name given to the arrival of the Blood Angel liberators, but it could also have been reference to the destroyed battle barge. An extensive search of the chapter's archives had found references to a barge named 'The Angel's Rein', which was believed to have been lost during the outbreak of the Great Heresy.

During the time of the Heresy, countless ships were caught unawares by the traitorous filth they had once called brothers. In such cases, it was safe to assume that the ships in question were lost utterly, whether to the Warp or to the heroic last stands of those brothers who kept faith. Still, it was not unheard of for such ships to reappear out of the Warp, impossible aeons after they were lost. The Angel's Rein could have re-emerged from the Warp completely unaware that the Great Crusade was long over.

The signal that Telvus' crew had detected from the planet was definitely Blood Angel in origin, though antiquated by their current standards. It originated from a beacon housed within a relic that had undoubtedly been wrought by the skilled hands of a Blood Angel. Scans had indicated it to be the only artifact of merit on an otherwise desolate planet. The people of Danaar had called it a fountain, but the ultrasonic images on the report clearly showed it to be a large, unadorned bowl. It was wrought of white marble, and it appeared to hold a pool of blood that cycled through the fountain's inner workings. The

vitae seemed to be kept from coagulating by employing the same stasis field generator incorporated into every Sanguinary priests' Blood Chalice.

The discovery of the relic warranted further investigation, and a reconnaissance team had been dispatched. As the people of Danaar had grown weary of outsiders, the recon team anticipated violent resistance from the natives tasked with the structure's safe keeping.

However, upon their arrival, the authority of the Astartes was immediately recognized by the guardians of the relic. The marines were greeted with reverence and were swiftly ushered in to inspect the artifact. Closer inspection confirmed what they had expected: that the beacon housed in the base of the fountain had been coded so only another Blood Angel vessel would detect it.

The nomads had explained that their constant migrations were their only defense against the threat of enslavement at the hands of the xenos. By keeping to small, ever moving bands, they made themselves difficult to locate and offered but marginal gains to the raiders.

The people of Danaar had maintained one permanent settlement: in the eastern mountain range. It was here that they had hidden the relic, and the entire populace of Danaar had devoted their lives to its safekeeping.

In the years since the coming of the first Blood Angels to Danaar, the fountain grew to hold significant cultural importance. They said that a measure of blood from every citizen is added to the fountain. The story inspired the recon team to more closely examine the gurgling pool, only to find twelve gene-seeds concealed there within. It was determined that the fountain utilized a sophisticated system to preserve the seeds: a system long-since lost to the chapter. Word was dispatched to the ship immediately, and Telvus acted hastily and to verify that the seeds had remained unspoiled.

Though he would take his own measure of the nomadic people, Telvus could not help but feel respect for the Danaari and how they had safeguarded the genetic legacy of fallen Blood Angels.

Telvus put down the report and turned to his attendant brother.

"These people seem quite intriguing, Brother Kievan. Bring me the envoy."

Kievan soon returned with a wiry man with deeply tanned skin and black hair in tow. Despite being aboard a battle barge, festooned deck to ceiling with technical wonders the man could never dream of, the stoic nomad seemed completely unphased. As he was lead into Telvus' stateroom, the native made no gesture to acknowledge the rank of his host. He simply locked eyes with Captain Telvus and spoke.

"For a denizen of Danaar, to stand upon such a ship—suspended in the void—is an unimaginable privilege."

The statement hung in the air as Telvus and Kievan awaited some expected further message of gratitude. They were left waiting.

Telvus was first to realize that, in the sparse, economical language of these nomads, that statement alone was as much gratitude as they would see from him.

"Eloquently spoken. What is your name?" Telvus boomed. "I am Varukk, a decedent of the Waywatcher," was the man's only response.

"Varukk, the initial encounter with the Blood Angels must be ancient history for your people, but I wish to know more about the warriors who first visited your world. Can you tell me more of them."

Varukk stood stock still before Telvus. He didn't move a muscle, but his eyes were alive with thought. Suddenly the man spoke again, without any outward display of emotion.

"Though millennia have passed, all who guard the Blood Fountain retain countless details of the arrival of the Blood Angels. We fortify the Fountain with our own blood and in times of scarcity, we drink from it, and it fortifies us. Through this act, memories are passed down. In our dreams we witness the lives of the people who came before us."

Varukk stopped for a moment, and it was unclear whether this was all he meant to say. Telvus and Kievan, by this point, had learned that they should wait.

"Red tears rained from the sky. Red tears delivering twenty warriors. At first our people did not believe twenty could halt the incessant attacks by the Drau. The Drau were lithe, remorseless creatures, who had pushed our society to the brink of collapse. With the arrival of the Blood Angels, our people began to rally around the hope that the Drau could be vanquished. These twenty warriors were our greatest saviours, and any of our younglings could recite to you each of their names and their deeds."

Varukk stopped again, and the air hung thick between them. "Would you like me to

recite their names to you now?" Varukk asked.

"That won't be necessary," Telvus replied, once again a little bit awed by the reverence of the Danaari. "But I am curious as to who led the force."

Telvus noticed a slight shift in Varukk's composure, as if asked to divulge something deeply personal. Telvus was not sure he would get an answer until Varukk spoke.

"He was clad in white armor. And he was the only warrior to wear no helm. Though greater in size than any of our people, his face looked as though he was of our kin. His name was Callan."

"What happened to Callan and the warriors he led?"

"Four warriors fell during their first encounter with an immense horde of Drau slavers. Following the battle, Callan was coordinating additional reinforcements from their fortress in the heavens, and it was then that their void craft was attacked. Amid the confusion Callan discerned that the attacker was a trusted ally, but he lost contact with his brothers. Soon he saw them in the sky: his brothers and their void craft raining down in the north."

Varukk paused, as if honouring those fallen brothers with a moment of silence.

"Callan and his warriors searched the wreckage for answers, and they found little. Through scouring, Callan retrieved the souls of eight warriors who were among the hundreds who had perished, as well as several pieces technology salvaged from the fallen void craft. "

"Navid, the Waywatcher, brought them to a cavern in the Crudelash Mountains. There Callan fashioned the Blood Fountain and told our people to preserve it. He told us that one day his brothers would come for the Fountain."

Telvus had turned to his viewing port, gazing out at the planet below and reflecting on the deeds of his lost brothers. He wasn't sure how long it had been since Varukk had stopped speaking. He turned back to look upon the wiry man, only to find those keen eyes boring into his own.

"With your arrival, this task is finished," Varukk said. Telvus made a noise that he hoped sounded like ascent. "And what became of Callan and his warriors?"

"The Drau appeared once again to investigate the fate of their earlier raiding party.

Upon discovering Callan, his men, and the sanctuary established in the Crudelash range, the Drau quickly retreated.”

“Callan, and the fifteen remaining warriors were immediately overtaken with rage and pursued the Drau back through their rift-gate. We have encountered neither Drau, nor Callan or his warriors ever again.”

Varukk stopped, and something in his barring told Telvus that the tale was at an end. His servitor’s cogitators continued to click away, recording the last words of Varukk’s story, while Telvus quietly reeled at the breadth of the tale.

His lost kin. These remarkable people.

Finally Telvus surfaced from his contemplation. “What will become of Danaar after we depart?”

“We will not rebuild. Instead we will follow the path we were destined for and fade into the forgotten annals of time.”

Varukk didn’t flinch as he said those words that sounded so final. There was no hint of hope hiding between them. He believed this was the fate for his people, just as he believed that the day would begin and end on the morrow.

Telvus, for his part, saw a different fate.

“Varukk, your world is much like the homeworld of the Blood Angels. The lives of your people are much like those of our own. Our once strong legion has had its numbers decimated by centuries of war. Now, we strive to rebuild our ranks with suitable warriors.”

“I am the strongest our world can offer, yet compared to the warriors of the Blood Angels, I am but a meager thing,” Varukk stated, again with a grim finality to his words.

Telvus pressed on.

“As I said, your people are much like our own. However, each of our kin undergoes extensive implantation and genetic modification. When we depart this world, I wish to take a handful of your strongest youth to face the trails that all must endure before becoming a Blood Angel.”

Varukk was again silent, his stoic eyes gave only the slightest of hints of his difficulty

processing the gravity of what had just been said.

“I can hardly grasp the scope of your offer. Yet again the Blood Angels intercede to forever change the course of history for the people of Dannar. None would refuse this honor. I will journey to each band immediately and return with our most promising warriors.”

With that, the stark man turned and left, without any bow or pretense of asking for Telvus' leave. Telvus smiled grimly. It was Kievan who spoke first, belying no mirth on his stern face. “Quite intriguing, indeed.” ***

The people of Danaar rallied around the new found identity as a tithe-world for the warriors they so revered. They remained nomadic, their culture shifted focus resulting in increased numbers of roving bands all determined to produce stronger, and smarter warriors. Within a century, Danaar had the numbers needed to make a full-fledged third-founding chapter of Blood Angels.

Their chapter became known as the Blood Bedouin.

Following the implantation of the additional organ and gestation period needed to become a Space Marine, all of aspirants tithed from Danaar retain their black hair and dark skin tone. These small traits may be hardened to the genetic alteration processes as every Danaari drinks from the Blood Fountain and it contains both Astartes genetic material mixed with that of their own people.

The Blood Bedouin also have proportionally fewer instances of gene-seed rejection than the average Space Marine chapter. This helped grow their numbers quickly. The twelve gene-seeds discovered on Danaar were implanted in Danaar born Aspirants. The original Legionnaires that bore those gene seeds dated back to a time before Sanguinius fell. It was hoped that this may spare future Marines from genetic curse of the Black rage. Within sixty five years of their first Dannar-born Astartes, the flaw made itself apparent.

Being a third-founding chapter; the Blood Bedouin are not widely known throughout the imperium, and there has been no effort to change that status. Details surrounding the chapters are purposely obscured by the Blood Angels, and their contact within the imperium is strictly controlled. This allows the Blood Bedouin to be deployed in operation that many other chapters would consider deplorable. When an order to cull entire innocent population falls to the Blood Angels, the Blood Bedouin exact those orders.

Having little knowledge of Imperial history, as well as an inability to distinguish between foes and allies; the Blood Bedouin do not question their orders and will stand against any force deemed as the enemy.

Furthermore the Blood Bedouin will easily accept allegiances that would most other factions of astartes would consider an insult to common decency.

Seen from space, the surface of Danaar seems to be as desolate as ever. Though greater numbers of nomadic bands still transverse the planet, none erect permanent structures. The Blood Fountain remains concealed in a cavern in the Crudelash Mountains. The Crudelash Monastery burrows twelve levels below the antechamber that houses the Fountain. It is here that aspirants now gather instead of traveling to Baal. Aspirants face a set of trials established by the founders of the Blood Bedouin before considered worthy of becoming Astartes.

The role of Chapter Master remains vacant as the Blood Bedouin reserve the honor for Callan, despite any evidence that the warrior still lives. The central leadership of the chapter is

comprised of a council of Sanguinary priests. Several warriors have risen to prominence and accepted the role of captain, yet in the eyes of the Blood Bedouin, there is no higher honour than the position of Sanguinary Priest.

On Danaar, the bulk of the chapters' warriors occupy a massive subterranean fortress called 'Callan's Keep'. Hidden in the northern continent, 'the Keep' reaches down to core of the planet. There massive geothermal generators power the facility. On the surface, monumental retractable roofs, made to resemble the planet's surface, conceal four massive landing areas that serve as transport hubs for awaiting Battleships.

Since the establishment of the Blood Bedouin chapter, their fortress has served as a stockpile of outdated wargear and vehicles; equipment that had fallen out of favor with the Blood Angels due to the availability of easier to maintain, mass produced models. To keep the antiquated variants of wargear operational, the Blood Bedouin require many specialized techmarines.

The Blood Angels are famously ill at ease with the mechanicum. Techmarines assigned to Baal face a great deal of mistrust. Eccentric Techmarines who display an over abundance of curiosity in uniquely Blood Angel equipment, will be redeployed to Danaar, to maintain the war-gear of the Blood Bedouin.

Once transferred, these Techmarines revel in the challenge of understanding in the intricate workings of now out of production technical relics.

The initial suits of power armor that the Blood Bedouin were granted were antiquated, yet in perfect working order. All other chapters had refused them because the armor marks were closely associated with various traitor legions and were an unsightly reminder of the treachery they wreaked upon the imperium.

Blood Bedouin sport almost entirely red armor with black accents and a bone-white winged crest on their torso armor. Compared to the regal armor of the Blood Angels, the Blood Bedouin are quite spartan. Where the Blood Angels use color differentiated helmets to denote battle roles, the Blood Bedouin do not. Their Marines tend not specialize in one field of warfare, instead they relish adopting whatever role is deemed necessary. The only armor differentiation within the ranks of the Blood Bedouin are its heroes, champions and veterans, who are clad in marble-white armor mimicking that of the revered warrior Callan.

Chaplains are the one exception to this, they maintain their traditional black armour and acts solely as wardens to those that are overwhelmed by the Black Rage. When the number Death Company within the chapter becomes unmanageable, a Chaplain leads a pilgrimage to a sector plagued by Dark Eldar raids. The aim of the pilgrimages is for the Death Company to throw themselves through a webway portal and grant the warriors one last battle akin to that of the revered warrior Callan.